King. Goe call him hither presently.
The deepe reuoluing wittie Buckingham,
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,
Hath he so long held out with me vntirde,
And stops he now for breath?

Enter Darby.

How now, what newes with you?

Dar. My Lord, I heare the Marquesse Dorset
Is fled to Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas where he abides.

King. Catesby. *Cat.* My Lord.

King. Rumor it abroad
That *Anne* my wife is sicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping close:
Enquire me out some meane borne Gentleman,
Whome I will marry straight to *Clarence* daughter,
The boy is foolish, and I feare not him:
Looke how thou dreamst: I say againe, giue out
That *Anne* my wife is sicke and like to die.
About it, for it stands me much vpon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me,
I must be married to my brothers daughter,
Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle glasse,
Murther her brothers, and then marry her,
Vncertaine way of gaine, but I am in
So farre in blood, that sin plucks on sin,
Teares falling pittie dwels not in this eye.

Enter Tirrel.

Is thy name Tirrel?

Tir. Iames *Tirrel*, and your most obedient subiect.

King. Art thou indeed?

Tir. Proue me my gracious soueraigne.

King. Dar'st thou resolue to kill a friend of mine?

Tir. I my Lord, but I had rather kill two deepe enemies.

King. Why there thou hast it, two deepe enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweete sleepes disturbs,
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:
Tirrel, I meane those bastards in the Tower.

Tir. Let me haue open meanes to come to them,

And

And soone Ile rid you from the feare
King. Thou singst sweet musicke. C
Go by that token, rise and lend thine ea
Tis no more but so, say, is it done
And I will loue thee, and preferre thee
Tir. Tis done my gracious Lord.
King. Shall we heare from thee *Tirr*

Enter Buckingha

Tir. Yea my good Lord.
Buc. My Lord, I haue considered i
The late demand that you did sound m
King. Well let that passe, *Dorset* is
Buc. I heare that newes my Lord.
King. Stanly, he is your wiues sonn
Buc. My Lord I claime your gift, m
For which your honor and your faith
The Earledome of *Herford* and the mo
The which you promised I should po
King. Stanly looke to your wife, if s
Letters to *Richmond* you shall answere
Buc. What sayes your Highnesse
King. As I remem'ber *Henry* the fi
Did prophesie that *Richmond* should b
When *Richmond* was a little peeuish bo
A King perhaps, perhaps.
King. How chance the Prophet co
Haue told me, I being by, that I shou
Buc. My Lord, your promise for th
King. Richmond, when last I was at
The Maior in curtesie shewed me the
And called it Ruge-mount, at which
Because a Bard of *Ireland* told me on
I should not liue long after I saw *Rich*
Buc. My Lord.
King. I, whats a clocke?
Buck. I am thus bold to put your
Of what you promisde me.
King. Well, but whats a clocke?
Buc. Vpon the stroke of ten.

I

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